NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

PRICE] [15 CENTS.

THE AMATEUR STAGE.

No. 54.

PS
635
.Z9V6

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

NEW YORK:
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
No. 1 CHAMBERS STREET.

A Catalogue of Plays, giving the number of acts and characters, costumes and scenery required, and time of representation of each, will be sent free, to any address.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class PS635
Book .Z9V6

THE AMATEUR STAGE.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS.

WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, SIDES OF ENTRANCES AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, ETC., ETC.

14611

NEW YORK:
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,
No. 1 CHAMBERS STREET.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

PS635
R9V6

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT EICHBURG.
THE JUDGE.
THE JUDGE'S SON.
OLD JAMES, COUNT EICHBURG'S *Gardener.*
ANTHONY, *A young Forester.*
JAILOR.
COUNTESS EICHBURG.
COUNTESS AMELIA, *Her Daughter.*
MARY, *Daughter of old* JAMES, *and "the belle of the Village."*
HARRIET, COUNTESS AMELIA'S *Maid.*
JUDGE'S *Clerk, Officers of the Court, Peasants, Bell Ringers, &c., &c.*

SCENE IS LAID AT EICHBURG, IN GERMANY.

Time that of Louis 14th of France.

COSTUMES.

The dresses for the ladies and gentlemen must be very rich, of the Louis Quatorze period. The peasants must be in the German costume of their class.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Carpet covering stage. Two pier glasses R.C. and L.C. against flats. Table with ornaments on it against backing in C. A splendid toilet table covered with muslin, &c. Candelabras lighted on table. Looking glass, brush, comb, napkins, toilet bottles, &c., all arranged on table, L.C. Sofa R.C. Other handsome furniture on scene. Chairs, stools, &c. Handbell on table. Handsome basket of flowers. Wardrobe with doors to lock U.E.R. Key to it. Box of jewels on toilet table, with a cross and chain for the neck and a diamond ring, in it.

ACT II.—Cottage furniture—plain. Knitting for MARY. Baskets on stage, one unfinished with canes for James to work at. A bundle of rushes. A stuffed mag-pie.

ACT III.—Judge's bench, with canopy, C. Judge's chair C. Judge's table C., with writing materials on it. Long table C. Papers on it. Prisoner' dock, U.E.R. Witness box S.E.L. Spears for soldiers. Seals, writing materials, pens, ink, documents, &c.

ACT IV.—Prison table and two benches. Water jug and small loaf on table R.C. Glass out of a pair of spectacles. A brass button. A lady's head-dress. Two playing cards. Money.

Copyrighted 1877.

TMP92-007468

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The* COUNTESS AMELIA'S *Dressing-Room. Centre opening with Interior backing. Door* S.E.L. *A splendid toilet table, &c., arranged* L.C. *Sofa* R.C.

COUNTESS AMELIA *and maid discovered at table* L. HARRIET *dressing* AMELIA'S *hair.*

Countess. (L.C.) Do you know, Harriet, whether Old James' daughter Mary has been here this morning? I told her that it would be my birthday on Christmas eve, and that I should like her to come up to the castle and see all my beautiful gifts.

Harriet. *(Crossly dressing the* COUNTESS' *hair—she speaks.)* Yes, my lady. She came before you were awake, and would insist on waiting to see you, though I told her she had better go home and do the housework, and return again. But, no, the damsel was in her Sunday garments, and, no doubt, didn't like to change them again, indeed!

Countess. Very naturally, too. She did well to wait. Mary does not seem to be a favorite of yours, Harriet?

Harriet. I can't say whether she is or she is not, madam. I think her a very forward, conceited chit—quite spoiled by the favor with which my gracious lady honors her.

Countess. You greatly misjudge her surely! I never saw a sweeter or more humble-minded girl. She is a good daughter—an industrious, modest, and religious one.

Harriet. *(Tossing her head.)* Religion, indeed! She thinks of nothing but dressing. If she dared she would imitate my gracious lady's most distinguished toilet.

Countess. And very pretty she would look in it. She is evidently the village belle, and is most justly named as such. Perhaps it is a little failing of Mary's to care too much for dress; but happily our national costume prevents her from making herself ridiculous by dressing above her station. But do not keep her waiting longer; I'll ring and tell them to send her to me.

(She rings the bell; at the same time there is a knock at the door; HARRIET *goes to it, and desires the servant outside to send* MARY. *She returns to her young lady, and finishes dressing her hair.*

Countess. I hear Anthony, our blithe young forester, thinks Mary would make him an excellent wife. (HARRIET *starts suddenly.)* Oh, Harriet! Take care; you pulled my hair and hurt me.

Harriet. I beg your pardon, my lady. There never was such beautiful hair as your ladyship's; it's so long, that when I am arranging it I can only keep from hurting you by the greatest care.

(Rap at the door.

Countess. Come in, Mary.

Enter MARY, *holding a basket of flowers. She curtsies, and comes forward,* L.

Countess. (L.C.) Good morning, Mary; you look as fresh as your flowers. What a lovely basket!

Mary. *(Timidly,* L.) If the Countess would condescend to accept them, I should be greatly honored. The basket is my father's offering. He made it himself, and has wrought the Countess Amelia's name into the handle. We both pray for many happy years for our kindest lady.

Countess. (L.C.) Thank you, Mary, and pray thank good James for me. The basket is very elegant, and the flowers are beautiful—Christmas roses—holly and mistletoe. Now, sit down yonder, and look at the contents of this box *(giving* MARY *her jewel box)* while Harriet finishes dressing my hair.

Mary. *(Opens the box, and exclaims:)* Oh, my gracious! here is a cross and a ring that look like sparks of fire. How beautiful! oh!

Countess. *(Laughing.)* They are diamonds. The cross was my mother's; the ring was sent to me by my godfather, the Judge, who tells me he shall expect to see it on my finger to-night when he comes to the castle to spend Christmas with us.

(A rap at the door L. HARRIET *goes to answer it, and returns.*

Harriet. The Countess wishes to speak instantly to the Countess Amelia. (AMELIA *rises.*

Countess. Wait here till I come back, my dear child. I have something to give you. *(Exit in haste,* S.E.L.

Harriet. *(Aside,* R.C.) Yes; something that ought to be *my* perquisite, of course. I wonder how ladies can reconcile it to their consciences to rob their maids in such a fashion. *(Aloud.)* Well, Mary, I suppose you don't want *my* company; I am not grand enough a companion for a countess' intimate friend; so I'll leave you to amuse yourself by looking over my young lady's wardrobe.

(Unlocks a wardrobe door U.E.R., *and flounces out* S.E.L.

Mary. How cross she is. Well, I don't want her to stay with me. I will just look at the dresses. *(Opens the wardrobe door—looks in.)* Oh, how splendid they are! *(Sighs.)* If I were only a young countess! Ah! but then my dear father would *not* be my father any more, and I should not have the pleasure of working for him, and making him comfortable. No! That wouldn't do! It cannot be half so happy to have parents who have all they wish, and have only to ask for things, as to have one who needs help and love, and for whom one must strive and toil and think. That's happiness! To *have* everything cannot be so pleasant as to have to gain everything oneself. Besides, Countess Amelia has had these fine things so long that she thinks no more about them than I do of my linsey petticoat. But certainly one would look very nice in them. *(She goes to the glass* L., *and puts on the cross and the ring, and holds the latter to flash in the light.)* It is just like fire. You pretty things! *(A noise outside.)* Ah! here comes the young Countess.

(MARY *hurriedly snatches the cross from her neck, and the ring from her finger, and hurries them into the box, which she places on the table.*

Enter HARRIET, S.E.L.

Harriet. Mary, you need not wait any longer. The Countess is going to take my young lady out with her, and she wishes her daughter to dress in her room. Give me that box of diamonds.

(MARY *gives it hurriedly to the lady's maid and crosses to* L.

Mary. Good day, Harriet; am I to come to-morrow?

Harriet. Yes—no! I don't know. Do as you like! Countess Amelia will send you her orders, I suppose. (MARY *exits timidly* L. HARRIET *laughs and bounces after her.)* If the Countess was like me, she'd soon bring that chit to her senses. *(Follows out* S.E.L.

ACT DROP.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Inside of* JAMES' *Cottage. Door in flat* L. MARY *knitting and singing,* C., *and her father seated* R., *making a basket.*

Mary. (C.) The Countess Amelia was *so* delighted with the basket, father dear. I knew she would be; you are the cleverest, dearest old father that ever was.

James. The Countess is very good to us. Do not let the great lady's favor spoil you, though, my little Mary. I wish sometimes she would take less notice of you; it makes the villagers envious, and I get many a taunt and jeer about my "fine lady" daughter;—the "belle of the village," as they call you.

Mary. *(Going to him and laying her hand on his shoulder.)* Oh, but you don't mind them, do you? You know I am not a fine lady, but your own little Mary, and not a *belle* at all.

ANTHONY *enters* L. *door in flat. He carries a bundle of rushes and a stuffed magpie.*

Anthony. (L.) But the best little girl in Eichburg.

Mary. (C., *starts.)* Oh, Master Forester, how you frightened me!

Anthony. Pray forgive me. I did not mean to startle you. Good-day, James. I have brought you a bundle of rushes for your basket-making, and Mary a magpie that I shot this morning.

Mary. Oh, what a pretty bird; but, Anthony, I would rather it had been alive than dead. Poor thing!

Anthony. Nay; I would not give thee a magpie for a pet, Mary; it is a great thief by nature, and mighty mischievous. I will bring thee a pair of wood-pigeons by-and-by, and James shall make a cage for them.

(Rap at the door of the cottage L.F. ANTHONY *opens it; the* COUNTESS AMELIA *rushes in* C. JAMES *rises. She grasps* MARY'S *hand, and cries:*

Countess. Mary, Mary! Give me my ring!

Mary. Your ring, my lady! I have no ring.

Countess. Oh, Mary, I am so glad. Then where did you put it? What has become of it?

Mary. I do not know what my lady means.

Countess. The diamond ring! Harriet came for it, received the box from your hand, and gave it to my mother, who kept it in her pocket till an hour ago—when she opened the box the ring was not in it. We had the dressing-room searched everywhere, and it is nowhere to be found. Mary, they say you have stolen it. The officers are coming for you. If you give me back the ring, I will show it as found and they shall never know your fault.

Mary. Oh, Countess Amelia! My once kind dear lady—can you think such evil of me? Can you believe me to be a thief? Indeed, indeed, I placed back the ring in the box when I heard Harriet coming. I *had* put it on my finger, and the cross on my bosom, like a silly vain girl, but *indeed* I never meant to steal them.

Countess. My poor Mary! No; I cannot believe that you would do such a wicked thing. I *will* not believe it; but everyone else at the Chateau does. Mary, I will not let you be taken prisoner. You must escape and hide till the ring is found. Go—go at once, and Anthony will conceal you in the forest.

Mary. (*Throws herself weeping at the feet of* COUNTESS AMELIA.) My kindest lady, oh how I thank you for believing in my innocence.

(*The* COUNTESS *raises her.*

Countess. Go, go, Mary! I hope that Heaven will soon make manifest your innocence.

(JAMES *and* ANTHONY *are leading* MARY *out of the cottage door.*

A scream from outside.

Countess. Too late! too late! My mother is here. She will be taken.

COUNTESS EICHBURG *and soldiers at door* L.F.

COUNTESS AMELIA. R.C. ANTHONY. C. MARY. L.C. JAMES. L.

ACT DROP.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Hall of Justice in a Baronial Castle. Bench* C. *Prisoner's box* U.E.R. *Witness box* S.E.L. *Table* C. *Chairs.*

COUNT EICHBURG, *the* JUDGE *seated on the bench* C., *the* JUDGE'S SON, *Soldiers and attendants discovered.*

Judge. (C.) The case is a painful one; it was ill-judged of my dear godchild to leave such valuable property in the hands of a peasant girl.

Count. (L.C.) My daughter believed little Mary to be a perfect miracle of goodness. The girl's great beauty—she was by general consent called the "Belle of the Village"—first attracted Amelia's attention. Then the sweetness and modesty of the child charmed both her and my wife. She is the daughter of my gardener, who has lived forty years in our service, and we had every reason to think her honest, I confess the crime of his daughter affects me nearly as much as it needs must poor old James himself.

Judge. My godchild still refuses to believe in the guilt of the girl; but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that your daughter's maid told the servants directly Mary was gone from the castle, that she had seen the diamond ring on the girl's finger.

Count. But what could so simple a girl have done with a diamond ring, supposing she had taken it?

Judge. My dear Count, she might, and probably would, have exchanged it with a pedlar, for finery. I have known such cases happen repeatedly, where the culprit has long been reputed honest.

Count. *(Shrugging his shoulders.)* You gentlemen of the robe have a sad opinion of human nature.

Judge. The result of our experience. However, occasionally we meet with instances of the most heroic virtue. But it is time to inquire fully into this sad affair.

MARY *is brought in weeping between two Jailors, from* U.E.R. *Her old father follows and sits* R.C. *They take their places.* HARRIET *is brought in as witness from the* L. *She stands* L.C.

Judge. Maiden, you are accused of having this morning purloined a valuable diamond ring, the property of the Countess Amelia of Eichburg. What say you? Are you guilty of this crime?

Mary. *(Sobbing.)* Oh, no!—no! My lord, I would not have done such a wicked thing to save my life. I have not stolen the ring!

Judge. Well, we will hear the witness against you, and then you shall have one more chance of confession.

(HARRIET *is conducted into the witness box,* S.E.L.

Judge. Witness. I command you, on your oath, to relate all you know about the lost ring of the Countess Amelia.

Harriet. *(Curtesying.)* Yes, my lord; of course, my lord. I always knew Mary—the prisoner yonder—was a weak, vain, foolish, conceited girl! who, because folks called her the "Belle of the Village," thought herself quite equal to anybody and everybody! Then my lady, the Countess Amelia, took a great fancy to her, and used to pet her, and give her presents of things that ought, by rights, to have belonged to others, ahem! *(Aside.)* Me!

Judge. *(Severely.)* Keep to the point, witness. Your present testimony has nothing to do with the ring.

Harriet. No, my lord; and yet it has, in a way, for if Mary had not been so flattered, and petted, and made much of, she would not have stolen the ring.

Judge. Desist, woman! Can you assert, on your oath, that she stole it?

Harriet. I can't say that I saw her take it; of course she would not have done so before me; but I feel certain of it. You see, my lord, Mary was left with those ornaments in her hands all alone. When I came into the room she started as if she had been caught in a crime, pushes the diamonds back into the box, covered it over, and gave it to me, looking hurried and agitated in a way *I* never saw her before. I carried the box straight to the Countess, and she never let it out of her own keeping till she opened it herself, and found the ring gone. We searched the dressing-room and every place for it, and could find it nowhere.

Judge's Son. Young woman, it appears to me that there is as much cause to suspect *you* as Mary. She gave the box to you—it passed through your hands to the Countess.

Harriet. *(Weeping.)* See—what—it—is to be thrown into bad company! I have lived ten years with my lady, and she knows, and my lord knows, I have always been honest.

Count Eichburg. She says truly. We have found her honesty perfect during all those years. She has the care of the Countess' jewels.

Judge. Before entering this room we were told that you had made mention that you believed Mary took the ring, for that you had seen it shining on her finger.

Harriet. *(After a pause.)* I don't like the girl, but I don't want to speak against her, my lord judge.

Judge. I command you to speak the whole truth, woman, and that quickly.

Harriet. *(Reluctantly.)* Well, I did see the diamond ring on her finger!

Mary. Yes, yes! that is true!—I had it on, and the cross too; but I put *both* in the box when you came in.

Harriet. *(Violently.)* I don't believe you did! You want to make *me* out a thief, do you? Either you or I must have taken the ring. You thought *I* should be suspected, so you could take it safely. Oh! my lord, she is a wicked creature! *She had the ring on her finger, and I never saw her take it off!* (MARY *utters a cry.*

Mary. *(Eagerly.)* My lord, I did put it in the box! I did, indeed! *(A pause.*

Judge. *(Solemnly.)* Mary, after the testimony of this witness we can no longer doubt your guilt. Restore the ring, and I have the authority of the Count to say that he will intercede for your pardon. By the laws of this land the punishment of your crime is death! But the young Countess loves you—yes, Mary, loves you even now, when you have so cruelly betrayed her confidence—and she has

made her father and I promise that we will obtain a pardon for you, if you will confess your crime. *(Pause.*

Judge. Speak!

Mary. I am innocent—I am innocent. *(Weeps.*

Jailor. *(By the side of* MARY, *in a gruff voice.)* Best say that you took it, and that you are sorry, and live!

Mary. No! no! Better die than tell an untruth. My Lord, I never took the ring.

Judge. I am grieved at your obstinacy, unhappy girl! We cannot doubt your guilt after the evidence we have received. You will rather die, then, than expiate your fault by confession.

Mary. Oh, sir! I dare not speak falsely. I had rather die than live by an untruth.

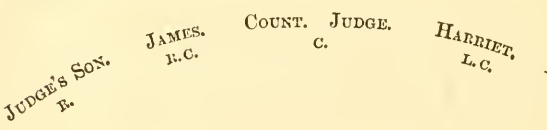
Judge's Son. (R.) My father—and you, Count Eichburg—pardon me, if I tell you that I think you err in accepting this circumstantial evidence, and the testimony of one witness alone, who dislikes the accused. A girl who thinks thus *cannot* be a thief.

Judge. Young sir, we have not asked for your advice. Let the prisoner be taken to the castle. To-morrow is the Festival of the Nativity, on which no court of justice sits. The miserable girl will have, therefore, to-night and the next day for reflection. Full pardon on confession, or sentence of death, then awaits her.

Judge's Son. *(Aside.)* On the anniversary of the first Christian martyrdom. Poor child! My heart tells me she will perish unjustly. (MARY *is led off* U.E.R. *Old* JAMES *advances* R.C.

James. (R.C.) Oh, my lord judge—oh, Count Eichburg—for the sake of my past services—in pity to my grey hairs—let me share my daughter's prison.

Count Eichburg. *(Rises from bench.)* Poor old man! James, I pity you from my heart. You shall go with this unhappy girl, and try to convince her of her folly and wickedness. *(To an attendant.)* See that food is given to them.



ACT DROP.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*The Prison of the Castle. Window* L.C. *Door* R.C. *Table and two benches.*

MARY *and her Father discovered* R.C.

James. My darling Mary, we have fallen on evil days. But you are innocent!—and this is my comfort.

Mary. My dear father! I am also comforted to know that you, and the dear Countess Amelia, believe my word. But oh, father, the ring may never be found, or not till after I am dead, and it is hard to die so young and leave you—and—and poor Anthony.

James. It is all that wicked woman Harriet's doing! She has by false testimony sworn away my child's life! May she—— (MARY *puts her hand before his lips.)* She must have stolen it herself. It could not have vanished without hands. I tell you, I will never forgive her.

Mary. (Kneeling.) Oh, father, don't say so. Forgive her, for my sake, when I am dead and gone. Forgive her! lest you and I should never meet again. Remember the song the angels sang this night—"Peace on earth, good-will to men." Oh, father, you will forgive her, won't you?

James. (Much affected.) My daughter, my dear, dear Mary —I *do* forgive her. I will *try* to feel that I forgive her for your sake.

(At this moment a Christmas Carol is sung outside the prison window at the back of the scene L.C. MARY *and her father listen to it. When it ends, there is a loud cheering outside.*

Mary. Hark! surely that is Anthony's voice. Ah! there must be good news or *he* would not be glad.

The prison door opens R., *and the* COUNTESS AMELIA *enters, followed by all the Characters in the drama, except* HARRIET.

Countess. (C.) Mary, the ring is found! You are free! I always believed you were innocent.

(MARY *faints in her father's arms,* R.C.

Count. Where did you find the ring, my good man?

Anthony. (L.C.) In a magpie's nest, in the belfry, your Excellency.

Judge. Explain!

Anthony. Your Excellency must please to know that I am a bell-ringer, and was going to ring in Christmastide, as in duty bound to do, when we found the tenor bell did not pull easily; so I went up to see what ailed it. The belfry was dark; but as I turned the lamp round I saw something glitter like fire in one corner of it. Thinks

I, "the church is on fire!" I stooped and picked up the ring, which I hope our gracious lady, the Countess, will bury at once, for it is an evil thing, and doubtless was made by Dr. Faustus himself. So I snatched it up, and ran downstairs crying, "She is saved! she is saved!" It was a magpie's nest the ring came out of, and there I found these things also; a glass out of the clerk's spectacles —I knew he had lost one—this brass button, a lady's head-dress, and two playing cards.

Judge. Those birds are notorious for pilfering. Mary, how can you account for the magpie getting possession of the ring?

(MARY *who has recovered, comes forward.*

Mary. Please your Excellency, I had put on the cross and the ring to see how I should look in them, when I heard somebody coming. I thought it was the young Countess, and that she would be angry; so I hurried to put them into the box. The ring must have fallen on the floor.

Countess Eichburg. And as my daughter always has her dressing-room window opened when she rises, the mystery is clear. Mag flew in, was attracted by the glitter, and bore off the ring to her nest in the belfry, where, but for the ringers, it might have remained for ever.

Count Eichburg. Mary, in memory of this event I shall bestow the farm by the river on your father for his life; and give you with a dowry to Anthony, as soon as he has done justice on the *real* thief—the magpie.

Anthony. Ah! your Excellency! then Mary must be given to me at once, for I shot the rogue *this morning.*

(*The Dramatis Personæ now form a tableau. The* COUNT *takes* MARY'S *hand, and presents it to* ANTHONY. OLD JAMES *kneels and kisses the* COUNTESS' *hand. The* JUDGE'S SON *congratulates* COUNTESS AMELIA *in dumb show—and the* JUDGE *rewards the bell ringers. Characters shout.*

CURTAIN.

THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

1 Robert Make-Airs.
2 Box and Cox.
3 Mazeppa.
4 United States Mail.
5 The Coopers.
6 Old Dad's Cabin.
7 The Rival Lovers.
8 The Sham Doctor.
9 Jolly Millers.
10 Villikins and his Dinah.
11 The Quack Doctor.
12 The Mystic Spell.
13 The Black Statue.
14 Uncle Jeff.
15 The Mischievous Nigger.
16 The Black Shoemaker.
17 The Magic Penny.
18 The Wreck.
19 Oh Hush; or, The Virginny Cu-
20 The Portrait Painter. [pids.
21 The Hop of Fashion.
22 Bone Squash.
23 The Virginia Mummy.
24 Thieves at the Mill.
25 Comedy of Errors.
26 Les Miserables.
27 New Year's Calls.
28 Troublesome Servant.
29 Great Arrival.
30 Rooms to Let
31 Black Crook Burlesque.
32 Ticket Taker.
33 Hypochondriac.
34 William Tell.
35 Rose Dale.
36 Feast.
37 Fenian Spy.
38 Jack's the Lad.
39 Othello.
40 Camille.
41 Nobody's Son.
42 Sports on a Lark.
43 Actor and Singer.
44 Shylock.
45 Quarrelsome Servants.
46 Haunted House.
47 No Cure, No Pay.
48 Fighting for the Union.
49 Hamlet the Dainty.
50 Corsican Twins.
51 Deaf—in a Horn.
52 Challenge Dance.
53 De Trouble begins at Nine.
54 Scenes at Gurney's.
55 16,000 Years Ago.
56 Stage-struck Darkey.
57 Black Mail.
58 Highest Price for Old Clothes.
59 Howls from the Owl Train.
60 Old Hunks.
61 The Three Black Smiths.
62 Turkeys in Season.
63 Juba.
64 A Night wid Brudder Bones.
65 Dixie.
66 King Cuffee.
67 Old Zip Coon.
68 Cooney in de Hollow.
69 Porgy Joe.
70 Gallus Jake.
71 De Coon Hunt.
72 Don Cato.
73 Sambo's Return.
74 Under de Kerosene.
75 Mysterious Stranger.
76 De Debbil and Dr. Faustum.
77 De Old Gum Game.
78 Hunk's Wedding Day.
79 De Octoroon.
80 De Old Kentucky Home.
81 Lucinda's Wedding.
82 Mumbo Jum.
83 De Creole Ball.
84 Mishaps of Cæsar Crum.
85 Pete's Luck.
86 Pete and Ephrain.
87 Jube Hawkins
88 De Darkey's Dream.
89 Chris Johnson.
90 Scipio Africanus.
91 De Ghost ob Bone Squash.
92 De Darkey Tragedian.
93 Possum Fat.
94 Dat Same Old Coon.
95 Popsey Dean.
96 De Rival Mokes.
97 Uncle Tom.
98 Desdemonum.
99 Up Head
100 De Maid ob de Hunkpuncas.
101 De Trail ob Blood.
102 De Debbil and de Maiden.
103 De Cream ob Tenors.
104 Old Uncle Billy.
105 An Elephant on Ice.
106 A Manager in a Fix.
107 Bones at a Raffle.
108 Aunty Chloe.
109 Dancing Mad.
110 Julianna Johnson.

Either of the above will be sent by mail, on receipt of price, by

HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,

No 1 Chambers Street, New York

THE ACTING DRAMA

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

1 Single Life.
2 The Boarding School.
3 The Spitfire.
4 The Irish Dragoon.
5 The School for Tigers.
6 Gabrielle de Belle Isle.
7 The Tipperary Legacy.
8 Deeds of Dreadful Note.
9 A Peculiar Position.
10 A Private Inquiry.
11 I'll Tell Your Wife.
12 The Fast Family.
13 Antony and Cleopatra Married and Settled.
14 My Friend in the Straps.
15 The School for Scheming, (Love and Money).
16 Our Mary Anne.
17 Miseries of Human Life.
18 An Irish Engagement.
19 How to Settle Accounts With Your Laundress.
20 Advice Gratis.
21 A Hasty Conclusion.
22 Weak Points.
23 Grace Darling.
24 A Gray Mare.
25 The Middle Temple.
26 The Original.
27 The Sentinel.
28 The Tiger at Large.
29 Why Did You Die?
30 Sayings and Doings.
31 The Twin Brothers.
32 Ask no Questions.
33 Cure for Coquettes.
34 The Cabin Boy.
35 Who Stole the Spoons?
36 Mrs. Gamps Tea and Turn Out.
37 The Village Doctor.
38 Family Pride.
39 Queen Mary.
40 The Three Graces.
41 The Race Ball.
42 Presented at Court.
43 A Sign of Affection.
44 The Dancing Barber.
45 Who's Your Friend?
46 Charity.
47 The Wicked World.
48 Mother and Child are Doing Well.
49 Lying in Ordinary.
50 The Ringdoves.

THE AMATEUR STAGE.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

1 Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.
2 The Loves of Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue.
3 Little Silver Hair and the Three Bears.
4 Robin Hood; or, the Merry Men of Sherwood Forest.
5 Little Red Riding Hood.
6 The Frog Prince.
7 Blue Beard; or, Female Curiosity.
8 Jack, the Giant Killer.
9 Two Gentlemen at Mivarts
10 Dark Deeds.
11 Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure.
12 Wearing of the Green
13 The Result of a Nap.
14 Monsieur Pierre.
15 Virtue Victorious.
16 Love (Burlesque).
17 Afloat and Ashore.
18 Tragedy Transmogrified.
19 Fairy Freaks.
20 A Medical Man.
21 Harlequin Little Red Riding Hood
22 Fireside Diplomacy.
23 Ingomar (Burlesque).
24 Money Makes the Man.
25 The Happy Dispatch.
26 An Eligible Situation.
27 The Pet Lamb.
28 The Last Lily.
29 The Three Temptations.
30 Katharine and Petruchio (Burlesque).
31 His First Brief
32 The Girls of the Period.
33 Matched but not Mated.
34 Penelope Anne.
35 A Woman will be a Woman.
36 Caught in his own Toils.
37 Cousin Florence.
38 Lucy's Love Lesson.
39 A Game of Billiards.
40 The Wrong Bottle
41 A Lyrical Lover.
42 A Bad Temper.
43 Women's Rights.
44 Mischievous Bob.
45 A Pint of Ale.
46 The Last Drop.
47 The Wine Cup.
48 Out in the Streets.
49 Mothers and Fathers.
50 Taken in and Done For.
51 All's Fair in Love and War
52 Dross from Gold.
53 Aunt Jerusha's Visit.
54 The Village Belle.
55 Lord Dundreary's Visit.
56 My Peter.
57 The Cream of Love.

THE VARIETY STAGE.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

1 The Big Banana.
2 Dot Mad Tog.
3 A Gay Old Man Am I.
4 The Law Allows it.
5 A Leedle Misdake.
6 The Spelling Match.
7 There's Millions In It.
8 Tootle, Tootle, Too!
9 Dot Madrimonial Adverdisement.
10 Mulcahy's Cat.
11 Dot Quied Lotgings.
12 All in der Family.
13 Who Got the Pig?
14 A Mad Astronomer.
15 A Purty Shure Cure.
17 I Love Your Wife.
16 The Ould Man's Coat tails.
18 The Decree of Divorce.
19 Let those Laugh who Win.
20 A Dark Noight's Business.
21 The Lonely Pollywog of the Mill Pond.
22 The Dutchman in Ireland.

Either of the above will be sent by mail, on receipt of price, by

HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,

No. 1 Chambers Street, New York.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 255 706 3